

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE ST. LOUIS CLUB.

From the St. Louis Republican.

While the Veiled Prophet and his followers were holding high carnival on the gala night of all the year in St. Louis there was a quiet gathering of the clans in another part of the city.

Doubly quiet was this gathering, for, besides being unpretentious. It was composed of men and women upon whose lips the seal of silence had been set and to whom the music and shouts of that gayest evening in Missouri's calendar were as naught. In compliance with the invitation on the blackboard in the clubroom, the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club had assembled for a social hour in their clubroom in the Empire block, after viewing the parade.

It has been in existence a decade or more, this society of men whose lips are mute and ears dulled. Its object is purely social, and, as is the case with similar clubs of men more favored by nature, women are admitted only on special occasions, like that of Tuesday evening. The club has 28 members, and its officers are: Charles Wolff, president; H. C. McCauley, vice-president; John H. May, recording secretary; Amos D. Hill, corresponding secretary; A. N. Merrill, treasurer; George D. Hunter, collector; John C. O'Brien, sergeant-at-arms; W. H. Schaub and Thos. J. Brown, trustees. The ladies to whom speech and hearing are denied are also united in a club known as the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Ladies' Society, which meets on Saturday afternoon, and whose officers are: Mrs. A. D. Hill, president; Mrs. L. A. Froning, vice-president; Mrs. W. E. Guss, corresponding secretary; Miss Dora Hemming, recording secretary; Miss Sarah Mitchell, treasurer.

It was one of the gayest of assemblages. Every face was animated and alive with interest in the occasion, and that which immediately preceded it. There were 50 persons present, and the majority were women and children, who were guests. Some of them were relatives, other friends of the club members. She women were intelligent and modishly gowned; the men would, in no respect, be marked men in a crowd. "They looked like—well, like everybody else," as the schoolgirl vaguely described some new acquaintance. Perhaps the faces were a little strained, although no more animated than those to be seen on the street below. And the children? The children talked. There were a half-dozen of the youngsters, all the children of deaf-mutes. Every one of them had the keenest of ears and the sharpest of tongues, and observers soon discovered that the shrieking tones and doubtful language of some of them were due to the license afforded by their parents' dulled senses. Three of them erased the invitation to the "Veiled Prophet Social" from the blackboard and in its stead drew fantastic pictures. One of these was a moon-faced, horrible creature, sans thorax and with attenuated legs and arms. The children shrieked with merriment.

"That's God, ain't it?" said a little fellow with black eyes. And the merriment waxed louder.

The visitors looked shocked. The parents did not, for they could not hear.

The artist is not a parent himself, but he was considerably exercised as to what the deaf-mute parents did if their children cried at night.

"They can't hear them and they can't see them. What in Sam Hill do they do if the children get the croup or colic at night?" he said with anxiety. The deaf-mute parents couldn't hear his question and they remained unanswered until he found a pretty, dark-eyed woman in a Persian silk waist, who was in full possession of the powers of speech and hearing, although wedded to a man deprived of both. She laughed at his evident earnestness. If they are restless, as children usually are when they cry—you have noticed how they toss about at such times, haven't you?—the parents soon notice them, but if they are not, why, they cry till they get tired. That's all."

The company had broken up into little chatty groups by the time. It soon became evident that this social function, like all others, had its belles. One was a brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked, coquettish maiden from Evansville, Ind. Her vivacity was fascinating and comprehensive. She had a kind of universal smile which included the whole company, but was especially bewitching to the three gentlemen with whom she was engaged in a game of euchre.

Deaf-mutes have many of the frailties common to the human race, and one of these is the tendency to become excited over a game of cards. The quartet at the table was no exception. The fingers of the players flew and the rapid changes of facial expression were highly amusing.

The other belle was a tall, stylish young woman from Tennessee. Her ready fingers were obedient to a keen intelligence, and her eyes were aglow with it. She had enough coquetry to redeem her from the charge of pedantry. All together, she was the star of the aggregation, and the fact that she was unconscious of it was an added attraction. There was a pretty young matron, who is the wife of an intellectual looking artist, and there were several healthy, happy young girls.

The women were charming, but the men were more interesting. One of them was a distinguished-looking man with the bearing of a young statesman. It was George D. Hunter, the Democratic leader of the deaf-mutes. Recently he applied at the headquarters for permission to organize a Silver Deaf-Mute Club, and he is going about it with a will. He had "seen Bryan speak," also. The great Nebraskan claimed his ardent admiration.

Mr. W. E. Guss modestly wears the laurels of the funny man of the club. There is a sly twinkle in his eye that bodes a jest at everyone who comes within its range. Since he was three and a half years old had been bereft of the faculties of hearing and speech. His loss was due to the ravages of scarlet fever. His wife at two years lost those faculties while teething, but their little daughter Barbara, aged eleven, is in full possession of both powers. Mr. Guss pointed with pride to the pastel showing the statue of Gallaudet, the friend, teacher and benefactor of the deaf-mutes of this country, a statue which is located before Gallaudet College at Washington, D. C. Pointing to the childish figure of the pupil whom the elder Gallaudet is supporting, Mr. Guss explained that she was the pioneer teacher's pupil and afterward became his wife. His tablet was half consumed in chatty descriptions of the notables present, one of whom, a special friend of his, was Marcus Kerr, the intellectual looking artist. The club had warm discussions on politics, he assured us, but actual warfare was avoided by recourse to checkers and cards, favorite games of the deaf-mutes. Mr. Guss brought down upon him the ire of the girl from Evansville by informing us, by means of the ready tablet and pencil, that the small man at her left was her "beau." Her white fingers fairly twinkled with her wrathful response, and the small man made a feint of shaking his fist at the informant, although he ended by looking sheepishly elated at the leaking out of this delectable piece of news.

The merry twinkle in Mr. Guss' eye became more pronounced. A good deal of repartee floated about that was lost to those to whom the sign manual and the finger alphabet were as Sanskrit, but hereto a

pleasantry that was recorded on a stray sheet which the janitor swept up next morning. "The boys do not treat and drink here as is customary in Kansas City. If you ask one to take a drink he don't like it. It is not in style." And here is the comment upon this announcement: "Very good boys—nit."

After the departure of the shriek-

THE VIRGINIA INSTITUTION.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Oct. 19.—Now is the time to say a good word for the Virginia Institution.

This famous old school to which Virginians have so long pointed with what they believed a just pride, and declared themselves to be deeply interested in, and that old house which the Deaf and Blind

a mere noise, a farce and a fake, while others naturally demanded that they be given a chance.

At the end of the investigation this body rested from their labors a week, and then asked the legislature to listen to their recommendations. It is needless to say that when Major Stubbs, its president, declared the result, never was there such scenes enacted in Vir-

spell cut on her fingers, and had perhaps never anything of the deaf or the blind before; an assistant matron (a new office and created by this Board), one who knows not the sign for dog or other living things; a governess and a seamstress ditto, a crippled young lady who doubtless never saw such an institution as this before they put in to show visitors around and explain, a blind boy they put in as monitor over the deaf boys, and over Humbert's class the most important of all on the blind side, they placed a young lady who had been teaching articulation and that only in another State school; over a class of small children—Lou Doyle—they put a lady who had never served in any like capacity before, and I understand other just such changes were made there rather in accordance with the Stubbs (?) set of regulations and salaries mentioned therein, than the dictates of either a little experience or ordinarily good common sense.

Is it any wonder that Virginians have through such proceedings been called narrow minded, and ignorant in important matters of this kind? But in the selection of a superintendent the Board has made less of a mistake than at first thought, and his work during the past few months, shows him to have the truest conception of things there in general. I who have just been set there believe that we can fully rely upon him to do well, what we believed an exceptional institution training man would naturally do. A more earnest worker in the cause or a busier man can hardly be found, and there are a number of things in Mr. Bowles' incumbency that shows that his is not merely accomplishing what would ordinarily give a man in his position a good name, but much that Mr. Doyle declared could not possibly be done.

The blind boy over the deaf boy's study room has been replaced by S. S. Jones, a young man who is not only fully competent and popular, but was one of the best workers there during the latter part of the last administration. The two ladies mentioned, one over Lou Doyle's old class, and the other over Humbert's, have been made change places with excellent result. Furthermore, he has but Mr. Eurrill in nominal charge of the Deaf, and Mr. Poyntz in charge of the blind, and in each instance when a new official has had any trouble through inexperience or the like, he has placed beside them at little or no expense one who is fully capable and deserving as well. Mr. Bowles tells me that the articulation department will open again, and will see that it is conducted after the method approved of modern methods. He proposes a number of reforms and improvements there that are not only necessary but have been exceedingly hard to get. I asked him how he stood with regard to separate schools. He replied that he had not given that subject thorough consideration as yet, but would do so the first thing after he got tangles out of the rest. The institution needs for the present number (175), not only increased accommodations, but improved accommodations, and he cannot do on his present appropriations (35,000) more than this just now. He, of course, admits that he has an object in doing all these he safely can do in the matter of money and numbers.

There is a striking contrast between the old and new administrations noticeable in many things. The old seems to have simply outlived its usefulness, and many are glad indeed, that it is no more.

However there are many good things that are sadly missed up there to-day. There are persons and faces no longer there that can never be forgotten, and their good work can never be undone nor can these who have reaped the benefit of it be less than grateful. The new order of things may however be looked on as being far better for that institution, and those that are there, and others to come.

Mr. Bowles has begun exceptionally well, and so say all that seek to know it. The political machine as regards the Virginia Institution is out of gear, and irreparably broken, while whisky is no longer a factor in its work, tobacco has been tabooed, and every one there seems to be set upon doing his or her full duty.

MISHAWAKA, IND.

Since the decease of the *Exponent*, we went to sleep, but F. P. G. rudely (we ought to have said kindly) interrupted our Rip Van Winkle sleep, with a request for news in the JOURNAL from the "cous." of the *lae Exponent*, so here we are, though we were one of the tardy ones during the struggle of our late lamented newspaper for existence.

On the 26th ultimo., the South Bend and Mishawaka Mission for the deaf, which was founded a year ago, was reorganized with the following officers: Mr. Frank Cope, President; Mrs. Louella Arnot, Secretary; and Miss Margaret Loose, Treasurer. The first and last named persons are from Mishawaka, the other, South Bend. It was agreed that each city should have a Bible class, to be held every Sunday, so as to enable the members to study the lessons in their own towns, and save the expense of going from one city to the other every week, and that the president should look after both of them. The mission is to meet on the last Saturday of each month. Mr. Asbury Arnot was appointed leader of the Bible class of South Bend, and Mrs. Rhoda Hayes, of the Mishawaka class.

Rev. Jasper Cross, of the Dunkard denomination, was in town on the 13th and 14th insts., he having been appointed to continue his circuit among the deaf of Northern Indiana another year. On the 16th, he invited all the deaf to attend a Love Feast in South Bend. All went and Mr. Cross' hearing daughter, Mrs. Lola Collins, interpreted.

Word has been received from Rev. Mr. Hasenstab that he is to continue services in South Bend for another year, and that he will be here on the 31st. The services will be held at the home of Mrs. Bartlett, 1014 South LaFayette Street, at 7 o'clock p.m., sharp. After meeting, a Hal-lowe'en party will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pischke, 135 Ohio Street. All are cordially invited to attend both.

On the 17th inst., the Clerc Literary Society, of St. Joseph County, adjourned till December 5th, when it will meet to elect officers. After that, no more meetings will be held till the first Saturday in April, 1897, on account of the hardships encountered in running from one city to the other (the society being held respectively in South Bend and Mishawaka) in cold, stormy nights.

Only one of the deaf here went to see the Republican Rally at Elkhart on the 12th.

Miss Abbey Porter, a Michigan lady, is here visiting relatives.

Mr. J. A. Roper, senior member of the Roper Furniture Co., which employs the majority of the silent people in this burgh, made the biggest sale in his life in New York City a little while ago. Good news for us, since it means more work, and with work comes more boodle and happiness.

Should anybody know of any other wood spindle carver, besides Messrs. Charles Sherburne, George W. Hayes, and Harry Bailey, of Michigan, we would be much obliged to them to inform us through the JOURNAL. We have so far been unable to learn of any other mute following that trade. Why not hustle around and beat the Wolverine State, which will surely carry off the laurels unless another state can boast of more? Spindle carving is one of the best trades, and pays high wages. F. B. C.

RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.



Edna Locke.

W. H. Schaub.

M. H. Kerr.

Harry Berwin.

Mrs. G. D. Hunter.

H. L. Johnson.

Yetta Mayer.

Ella Dillon.

ing children the deaf-mute social became a phantasm of smiling faces, flying fingers and an occasional unconscious guttural sound indicative of spontaneous mirth. The silence grew oppressive. The visitor who thought of himself as a silent man was astonished when he discovered his remarkable propensity for speech. The nervous woman said afterward that she wanted to scream. The silence grew almost palpable. You began to feel like one alone in a strange world of pantomime. You thought it was weird and uncanny until an officer of the St. Louis Deaf Mute Club seated himself beside you and wrote: "You do not think we are mindless creatures, as so many do, I hope?"

"Not at all," you reply, and mean it. The officer writes this little story: "I went with a friend of mine to the Four Courts as a witness to have him naturalized. The Judge said: 'Get out,' when he was told I was deaf. But one 'in the pull' made him give in. He wanted to wipe up the floor with that Judge."

We told him the Judge would have had a different opinion if he had been privileged to enjoy one of the social evenings of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club.

The Institution people had been looking for charges in a little deaf-mute paper that was born about Christmastide, but gasped once and died, and doubtless prepared to offset them just as they had done in like matters many times before, but these Randolph charges sprang out of the State legislature, and before the press or the people could demand an investigation, the Legislature had already started the ball bowling along.

It was put in the hands of a committee and they given necessary power to do whatever was necessary to be done, and for weeks, and as weeks went on into months they worked long and late taking testimony, etc. In the meanwhile the press of the State was full of their Board's deliberations and communications from about every one and everywhere, until the whole matter became a mix and mussy, some charging the board with no other object than to make the

A dandy went to a photographer on to get his picture taken. When the job was done he refused to pay, the ground that the picture did not look like him, and he left the establishment. Next morning he passed the place, and saw his picture hanging in the show-case and under it were the startling words, in big letters: "The biggest fool in the whole town."

He rushed into the shop and abused the photographer. "But my dear sir," said the latter, "since the picture does not resemble you, what in the world are you complaining about?"—*The Bils.*

The Photographer's Revenge.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1896.

E. A. HODGSON Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 104th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weak
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

The Kentucky Standard, published at the Institution for the Deaf of that State, contradicts the statement that "lack of accommodation" keeps three hundred deaf children, who ought to be at school, at home. The cause of the non-attendance of these three hundred deaf children is, "in most cases, through the selfishness, indifference, and misguided affection of parents."

The Standard truly remarks that Kentucky is not the only State in which this state of affairs exists. While the State Legislatures are annually making broad and liberal provisions for the education of the deaf, great numbers of them are deprived of the advantages through the narrow-mindedness of parents and friends. Not only are many denied any education whatever, but others are taken from school just at the time when proper instruction is of greatest importance. And the institutions they attended—well, they are blamed for the incapacity and ignorance of these pupils who were taken from school before their terms had expired. So, you see it hits both ways—injuries and disgraces the *alma mater*, and is detrimental to the welfare of the individuals throughout their whole lives.

The American Annals of the Deaf for November is quite up to its usual high standard. Dr. Fay's continuation of the results of the intermarriage of the deaf is the *piece de resistance*. An illustrated article on pictures in school room work by Miss Earle; and one by Miss Mabel Ellery Adams giving her impressions of the school for the deaf at Margate, England, and the Institution Nationale des Sourds-Muets, of Paris, are worth perusing. Mr. George H. Putnam contributes an article on "How to Study."

Then there are school and miscellaneous items by the editor. Altogether, over sixty octavo pages, every two months, for \$3 a year.

The Silent Echo, published at the Winnipeg, Manitoba, Institution, gets off some neat sayings and prints some amusing caricatures in almost every issue, and in its latest has an outline drawing of the newly-discovered Minnesota mandarin, "Jing Ling Sing," who, by the way, is the only one of all the cousins of Li Hung Chang that failed to call and kowtow to the great Chinese statesman when the latter was stopping at the Waldorf in this city.

WANT of space, and the late hour of reaching us, compels the postponement of our Baltimore letter, and the Pratt Resolutions, until next week.

Margery's Deaf Uncle.

Margery was talking about her uncle, who was very deaf, and said: "Why, any one could say anything behind his back right before his face."—Youth's Companion.

R. Newton Parsons recently called on Mr. and Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. Park and their son, in Santa Barbara, Cal.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

Mrs. George Homer's son and wife are now in Paris, after a trip through Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred K. Burbee (nee Miss Katie L. Baldwin) received many beautiful and valuable wedding presents. They have gone to housekeeping in Vermont.

Rev. Job Turner celebrated his 76th birthday, on October 19th. He was a guest of the Arkansas Institution, and on the occasion was presented with a gold headed cane, with his name engraved on it.

Miss Evangeline Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. F. Kelly, of Brooklyn, L. I., returned home on Friday, October 16th, from four weeks visiting her friends in Rhinebeck and Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The engagement of Lizzie May Porter and Thomas C. Fitzgerald, the former of Pawtucket, R. I., and the latter of Chicopee, Mass., has been announced. Both are semi-mutes, and have a host of friends.

All members of the Brooklyn Guild should attend the special meeting to be held in the Guild room of St. Mark's Church, on Adelphi Street, between DeKalb and Willoughby Avenues, on Thursday, November 5th, at 8 P. M.

Mr. George Sidney Porter, of Trenton, N. J., publisher of the *Silent Worker*, went away to Princeton last Wednesday, and witnessed the torch-light parade and grand electrical display; he also saw President Cleveland and his wife pass under the triumphal arches.

Mr. Elmer Siegfried, of Akron, O., has been travelling from a Chicago firm during the summer, and has been through seven different states, namely: Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan. He stopped off at Michigan City, Ind., October 3d and 4th, to visit deaf friends, on his way to Detroit, Mich., from where he returns to Akron. Mrs. Siegfried and infant daughter, who have been spending the summer with relatives at Lee, Ind., will return to the Buckeye state about Oct. 14th. They expect to return to Indiana again next spring and locate permanently at Monon, where Mr. Siegfried proposes to start a laundry on his own hook.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR

Mr. Graham Witschiel, (a son of Peter Witschiel, a deaf-mute) who tried the examinations for admittance to the Bar of New York State at Syracuse on the 14th of this month, has received word that he was successful. He is now a full fledged lawyer. Mr. Witschiel has already won for himself the name of being a thorough student of law, and this village is proud of its latest contribution to the Bar of the State. He is one of our most promising young men and we predict success for him wherever he may "hang out his shingle."—Port Jervis Gazette.

CAN'T TALK OR MOVE.

EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO, October 17.—It was just two years ago yesterday that little Hugh Tomlinson, then 8 years old, the son of George Tomlinson, an operative potter of this city, fell from a step two feet to the ground, and received injuries which made him not only absolutely helpless, but also an almost complete imbecile.

The case is the most peculiar of the kind ever known in this state. The lad, in falling, alighted on his head, and when picked up was unconscious. Since then he has never recognized any one. In the two years he has not spoken a word, and does not seem to be able to utter a sound. Arms and legs and the entire body are paralyzed, and the lad cannot roll over in bed or open or close his mouth. He stares vacantly about during the day, and is kept alive on milk and gruel.

During the two years, although greatly emaciated, he has grown over six inches. The doctors say he may live for years.

Deaf And Dumb Boys Strike.

WANTED TO BE DISMISSED ALONG WITH THE GIRLS AT FOUR P. M.

FLINT, MICH., Oct. 27.—The boys in the State Institute for the Deaf and Dumb in this city have gone on a strike because they thought they should be dismissed at four P. M. with the girls, instead of an hour later, and this demand being refused they went on a strike for shorter hours in the industrial department.

The strike was ended by vigorous measures. Several boys were expelled, and the rest told that they, too, could go home if they wanted to, a privilege which a large number may embrace. The parents of the boys who have been expelled will take some action looking to their restoration.—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

Several Deaf-Mute Girls Drowned

From Bollas, Sweden, we hear of a said incident in connection with a pleasure party of deaf children from the local school, on August 22d last. They were on a small vessel on Lake Varpa, enjoy themselves, as children can, when, from some cause or other, the boat tipped and all were precipitated into the water. The majority were rescued, but several of the girls were drowned, as also was Madam Pravit, the head-master's wife.—Ephphatha.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Our Kickers Have a Busy Week.

THE O. W. L. S.'s FIRST LITERARY MEETING.

The "Buff and Blue"—Other News Notes.

From our Washington Correspondent.

The Gallaudets played two games during the week, winning one and losing the other. Thursday, the Central High School team came out for a fifteen-minute halves practice game, and went home beaten to the tune of 18 to 0. In this game, which was played in a very short time, the Gallaudets showed great energy and activity. The weight of our boys this time had very little to do with the game, for the playing was confined entirely to running around the ends. The work of the backs and ends in the interference was fair, while the rush-line was very formidable. In the first half, Roth made a touchdown and goal, Brockhagen and Wornstaff making two more in the second. Smielau kicked all three goals. Darby was back in the game for the first time since one of his ribs was fractured, and showed up well.

Saturday the team, accompanied by a party of twenty-two loyal supporters of the College, made a trip to Annapolis, Md. The party was chaperoned by Prof. Chickering, and included Mr. and Mrs. Beadell, Misses Dudley, Fellow, Kershner, '97, Stemple, '98, Rogers, '99, B. Taylor, E. Taylor, Titus, Phelps, Hemphill, Ellsworth and Marshall, '00. It was a gay crowd that went and everybody had a good time. In spite of its defeat, the team returned without any great disappointment.

The game in the morning with St. Johns College was one of the hardest the Gallaudets have ever played. Both teams were evenly matched, the interference was good and tackling low. However, luck was against the Gallaudets for their opponents made a goal from the field and scored five points, which together with a touch down in the second half netted them nine points. A strong west wind was blowing which, whenever St. Johns made a kick, sent the pigskin as far as sixty yards at one time, and kept our boys from scoring. The wind had much to do with Smielau's failure to kick both goals, but had he only waited for a more favorable moment there is no telling but that he might have kicked at least one of them. Aided by their long distance kicks, the St. Johns boys kept the ball constantly in our territory during both halves. Our line stood very well against their attacks in bucking. Twice St. Johns had the ball on our five yards line, and a run around either of our ends might have resulted in touch downs, but they thought of no such action and kept banging away at our guards and center.

In the first half, St. Johns obtained the ball on downs on our forty yards line and steadily brought it up fifteen yards from the goal posts, and then Hillary sent it over the bar on a drop-kick. On the next kick-off, St. Johns lost the ball to our boys on downs on their forty yard line from which we steadily pushed it nearer and nearer, and Wornstaff then crossed the line making our first touch down. Goal failed. When time was called for the first half to end, the ball was on our three yard line. Play commenced sharp and furious in the second half. Rosson received the ball on the kick-off and brought it to our thirty yard line. From this point, Rosson and Wornstaff did almost all the running with the ball. Their gains were from three to ten yards every time they received the ball. The most exciting run of the game was made around St. John's right end by Wornstaff, for a distance of forty yards and resulted in a touch down. Goal again failed. At the next kick-off, Rosson again received the ball and after he cried "down," St. Johns snatched the ball away. A dispute arose which gave us the worst of it. St. Johns made some good runs around our ends, and Smith made St. Johns only touchdown. Goal failed. After the kick-off until the end of the second half, there was a good deal of kicking on our part against the decisions of the referee. Time was called with the ball on our forty yard line. Twenty-five minutes halves were played.

The *Buff and Blue* came out Tuesday with an editorial announcement that hereafter it will be issued monthly.

The O. W. L. S. held its first literary meeting Saturday evening. Miss Kershner, '97, delivered an address of welcome to the young ladies of the Introductory Class, which was responded to by Miss A. Taylor. Miss Price, '97, recited "Socrates Snooks," and was followed by Miss Martin, '97, who read an essay on "Amusements." She spoke of the various amusements gotten up by the students of Vassar, Wellesley and Smith colleges, and advised some forms to be practiced here. The meeting adjourned after Miss Vandegrift, '99, declaimed "Caractacus."

Manager Whitelocke has been trying to arrange a return game on our grounds with Maryland Agricultural College, but has been so far unsuccessful.

Price, ex-'99, is playing end on the Potomac eleven. Thursday he went with the team to Norfolk, Va., and the *Post*, in its account of the game mentions him as making the only touchdown for thirty yards. The Potomacs were outclassed.

A telegram was received from St. Johns Friday at midnight, cancelling our game with them on Saturday. The G. C. A. A. officers were pulled out of their beds and held a meeting as to what was to be done. It was raining and all they did to arrive at no conclusion. At six o'clock they again met, and as there was promise of a fine day, the team decided to go in spite of the telegram. Anyway, when they arrived, they were told that the St. Johns team was very glad our boys came.

In the afternoon, the team went over to witness the University of Pennsylvania—Cadets game, and there Manager Whitelocke had an opportunity to make more definite arrangements with Manager Hoisn about our game with the Pennsylvania Reserves on November 7th.

Mr. Bell, ex-'89, was again out to the college Friday evening, and was running after an article and a photograph of our foot-ball eleven, which he will send to the *Richmond Times* to be published a few days before our game with the University of Virginia, on November 14th.

Rothert, '98, lost his hat, a five-dollar brown alpine, while passing from one car to another, when he accompanied the team to Annapolis. He must think it rather expensive to make another such passage.

Capt. Dickey, the genial landlord of the inn at Great Falls, and who is so well-known to many of the students and former generations, died of paralysis last week.

Hon. J. W. Foster of our board of directors, has gone on another secret mission to China and Japan. He is at the present day one of our foremost diplomats.

F. C. S.

Oct. 25, '96.

BEGGAR WAS AN IMPOSTOR.

POSED AS A MUTE BUT COULD BOTH HEAR AND SPEAK.

A youth who was apparently reaping a rich harvest along Fifth and Madison Avenues, was arrested last evening for begging and five minutes after being taken into custody it was seen that he was an impostor.

At every door at which he applied the boys would make motions that he was deaf and dumb and would present a letter to be read. On the strength of this letter, he usually got either coin or food. Agent Jerome, of the Charity Organization Society, followed the lad to Sixty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue and then decided to arrest him. The boy made motions that he was deaf and dumb and handed Jerome the following letter:—

"Henry Alheimer—Will you please help a poor boy. His father and mother are dead. He is all alone, and he cannot hear and he cannot speak. Henry is a good boy and has a room by me at No 230 West Forty-fourth Street."

When Jerome tried to talk to the boy, the lad continued to make motions. Then Jerome slyly pinched him on the leg, and he yelled. "Thought you couldn't talk," chuckled Jerome.

"Well," whispered the boy, "I have been forced to do this by my mother. We have to get money. We live at No. 230 West 14th Street, and that letter was written by Mary Merritt, who also lives in the house. My name is Henry Beyer, and I am eighteen years old."

In Yorkville Court to-day Jerome told Magistrate Brann that the boy had been following this scheme for money for some time and that various people had made complaints at the station. Magistrate Brann committed the boy to the Workhouse on his plea of guilty.—The Evening Telegram.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

OCTOBER.
31—Evening, Church. Council of the Episcopal Church.

NOVEMBER.

1—10.30 A. M. Chicago. Holy Communion.
1—3 P. M. Chicago. Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Other appointments will follow. Write the Rev. A. W. Mann, at Gambier, Ohio. Gambier is the seat of Old Kenyon College, Kenyon Theological Seminary, Kenyon Military Academy, and Harcourt School for Young Ladies. It is a place of unsurpassed beauty. The College and Seminary were founded seventy years ago by Philander Chase, D.D., first Bishop of Ohio.

The Quad Club ball will be up-to-date, but of it little need be said till the time is ripe. Green cucumbers aint good to eat till they are green.

ST. LOUIS.

Gold and Silver the Topic of the Times.

HOW MARCUS GOT HIS DOG.

Personal and Otherwise.

From our St. Louis Correspondent.

Rev. J. H. Cloud is something of a politician, and an earnest worker is he in the interests of "honest money." It must not be supposed that he is coercing us to vote for the gold standard, but he would argue and uphold its advantages, in a way irreproachable. It was announced that he would talk on sound money Friday evening at his room in the Schuyler Memorial House, but instead he got Judge Henry Denison to be the orator, hoping that, it seems, his words would have more weight on the audience than possibly could a deaf-mute.

Judge Denison is a cousin to the Principal of the Kendall Green School, and has resided in St. Louis for twenty-six years. By profession, he is a lawyer, practicing mostly in the high courts. His cast of features reminded the spectators the pleasant appearance of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet in this city five years ago.

He spoke to the crowd of more than fifty for an hour and a half, Miss Pearl Herdmann interpreting with signs.

Great applause greeted him at the conclusion of his speech, and Rev. J. H. Cloud announced that that the next thing on the program will be a lecture on the gold standard by Mr. Terry, a hearing public man, at the same place next Wednesday.

This afternoon (Saturday) a "Deaf-Mutes' Bryan Club" was organized in the club room. George D. Hunter was elected President; John E. Campbell, Vice-President, and John P. Walsh, Secretary; Executive Committee W. T. Campbell, Chairman; P. Hughes, A. B. Miller, Wm. Stafford, H. McCamley, J. Garth and J. J. Gill. The club claims a membership of fifty, who will vote for Bryan. The club-room is fairly overflowed with free silver literature and a portrait of its champion adorns the wall next to the Gallaudet statue picture.

The Bryan Club, through President Hunter, is making an effort to bring down G. T. Dougherty of "Chicago," (I say to please friend "G") to address the deaf-mutes of St. Louis on the merits of the white-metal. The Democratic Central Committee have already communicated to Chairman J. K. Jones at Chicago on the subject, and if Jones approves it, he will pay Mr. Dougherty's traveling expenses to this city. The place will probably be the basement of the Schuyler Memorial House, and a largest crowd of the season will turn out to see our fellow townsman.

It is likely a McKinley club will be formed this evening with the redoubtable Col. Guss at the head. He was so absorbed with politics this week that he forgot to shave himself. Miss Lena Kribs denies being married to George W. Parker, of Hannibal but said it will come off in the spring. She only went to Mr. Parker's parents in Moberly, Mo., and the gossips had it that they were married. Marcus A. Kerr is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican. So is his dog, and thereby hangs a tale. One morning last week he took his quadruped out for a walk. They had not gone far when a dog-catcher came behind and had "Beauty" in his wire lasso bound to the wagon cage. Mr. Kerr lost no time in making for the wagon, and caught his dog as he was about to be thrown in. A fight was imminent, but did not come. The Catcher in looking around his collar failed to find the license but was surprised to see a portrait of McKinley on it about the size of a dollar. A consultation was held with the other catchers, after which, with gesture indicating their pleasure that Kerr and his dog are for their candidate, they allowed them to go.

A pleasant event of the week occurred last Saturday at Mrs. Lydia Swiler's residence, 6153 Suburban Avenue. It was a farewell reception to Miss Edna Locke before she leaves for home. Most of our young set were there with mischief high up in their sleeves. Mr. Kerr introduced a game he saw played in Ohio, which made the boys believe they had smacked soft, tender lips, but in reality was one of their own gender. S. Perlmutter dived his face in the flour and fished out a time which took him and his girl home free. A good time hard to beat was had, and closed with the usual line of edibles.

Miss Locke left Tuesday for Le-

banon, Mo., from which she will see how our lost brothers are getting along in Kansas City, and thence home. She is a bookkeeper in a bank and the court-house at Covington, Tenn.

Harry Berwin's shop downtown used to be the meeting place of deaf-mutes every day during the noon hour. They are there no more. A large dog is chained at the alley door who wisely refuses to be patted by those having no business therein.

William Hicks, a familiar figure from Jacksonville, dropped in the city to see the Exposition to-day.

Again in the Sunday *Republic* there appeared another sketch about one of our leading lights. It was Kerr, with his auburn weepers, etc., and a cut and a history of his life since he wore knickerbockers is given. It will be reproduced in the JOURNAL.

These two great political demagogues, Col. W. E. Guss short in limbs, and George D. Hunter, a lanky six footer, rarely meet any where without falling into a red-pepper dispute on the political palaver. The bystanders are always given an exceedingly fine debate on the question.

Like last year, A. M. Blanchard has an art collection at the Exposition. It is of twenty-three pieces, one of the finest being a portrait in pastel of William McKinley.

W. H. Schaub spent Sunday, the 18th, at the guest of Edward Kelling in Carlyle, Ill. Mr. Kelling has not completely recovered from his bicycle accident of August 5th, when he collided with a buggy in company with Miss Emma Schum. Every morning upon rising, the spot where the shaft struck him burns as if a dozen needles are stuck in his skin. However, he looks as well as if nothing is wrong with him.

Jerry Leininger and daughter have gone for a short stay in Sparta, Ill.

Mr. Franz, who used to live in Baltimore, has been in a profitable lithographing business with a hearing partner for several years past in the Hagan Theatre Building. He never goes among the deaf.

PHIL. DEAN.

Sunflower State News.

Prof. H. C. Hammond, of the Kansas School, went to Topeka to attend the festivities and also called on his daughter, Miss Ethelwyn, who is attending Washburn College.

Bruce Hewitt, of Holton, and Miss Mattie Bryant, of Atchison, were married on the 13th of October. They were educated at our school.

We were told that Miss Clara Eddy, of Gallaudet College, at Washington, D. C., was invited to teach at the Utah School for the Deaf, but is still attending the college.

Prof. D. S. Rogers, of Olathe, has a new bicycle and is proud of it.

O. H. McCullen and wife, of near Mound City, visited Mr. and Mrs. James A. Key, and other friends in Olathe, after attending the Karnival Krew in Kansas City, Mo. They returned home a few days ago. Mr. McCullen was educated at the Indiana and Kansas Schools, and has a very fine farm. He is an expert carpenter. His wife (nee Miss Pattison) attended the Kansas and Illinois Schools, graduating at the latter. They have five bright children who can speak and hear.

Nathan Lee, of McSheroon, formerly foreman of the *Kansas Star*, was in Olathe several days ago.

Prof. D. S. Rogers' niece, Miss Nettie Rogers, is attending Gallaudet College for the Deaf.

Last Friday forenoon Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Chicago, Ill., visited the Kansas School for the Deaf, with several prominent ladies of Olathe.

Harvey A. Knauss, a graduate of our school, is working in a furniture factory in Garnett. He has a wife, who graduated at the Illinois School. They have a fine large house.

We learn that Miss Johanna Randolph, a former teacher at our school, has accepted a position as teacher at the North Dakota School. Success to her.

The Olathe *Herald* of the 24th of September said:

"On the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis road between Merriam station and Merriam Park, was the scene of a horrible human slaughter last Sunday afternoon about 5 o'clock, in which Leonard Bowers, a mute, was instantly dashed into eternity. He was walking from the park to the station on the track, when he was struck by a north-bound 'Katy' passenger which was running at a high rate of speed. The engineer blew the whistle several times but the unfortunate as a matter of course did not hear the signal or feel the concussion of the earth made by the motion of the train until it was too late. The train stopped, but the station agent and the crew went back and picked up the body and brought it to the depot. His head was ground into a pulp and the body badly gashed, with limbs broken. A coroner's inquest was held Monday afternoon and a verdict of negligence on the part of the deceased was rendered. Leonard Bowers was 25 years old, and resided near Merriam with his parents. He graduated at the Kansas school for the deaf at Olathe in 1889, and was considered one of the brightest boys of the institution. He was a shoemaker by trade and was well-known in Kansas City as a base ball player, where he has played with several teams of that city during the past few years. It is said that Mr. Bowers was engaged to marry Miss Matthews, a pupil in the institution, as soon as she had graduated."

NED.

FANWOOD.

"The New World Better than the Old."

THE FANWOOD KICKERS.

Sundry News Items from "Fanwood."

From our Regular Correspondent.

The society, recently organized by the young ladies of the Advanced classes, the "Sampi Epsilon," held its third regular meeting in the parlor of the Institution, on Friday afternoon at three o'clock. President, Miss Spahn, presiding. The following programme was rendered: Debate—"Resolved that the Old World is better than the New."

The affirmative side was upheld by Misses Judge and McPhail the negative side by Misses Kummer and Blaum.

The discussion was a very spirited one, ending by the Judges, Misses Gray and Caddy, deciding in favor of the negative side. Miss Gertrude Turner then rendered in graceful signs "A sketch;" following, Miss Lizzie Anderson gave the news of the week. Miss Gibbs gave the critic's report. The meeting adjourned at half-past four.

Some time ago we received a challenge, from the football team of the Berkeley School to play a match game with them. The game was to have come off last Saturday. But at the last moment we received word that they could not play with us. Physical Director Cook had occasion to go over and see a game between the Berkeleys and the Barnard School. He inquired the reason of their cancelling our game and they admitted they were afraid to play, because we were too rough. This is a lame excuse. They out-class us in weight, and there should be no reason why they should not meet us as they agreed to. If this thing keeps up, we may well put in a claim to the championship of the Interscholastic league. November 3d, Election Day, in the morning the decisive football game, as to the superiority of the Fanwoods or the Lexington Athletic Club, will be demonstrated at Berkeley Oval. Every loyal Fanwoodite should be present. The contest promises to be an exciting one.

Saturday evening last, most of the pupils managed to catch a glimpse of the marine parade, and display of fireworks in honor of McKinley.

Every Sunday evening, since the opening of school, Prof Jones has entertained the pupils with stories. It is rather dull Sunday evening, Prof. Jones' stories come in just where they are wanted.

Principal Dudley, of the Colorado School for the Deaf, was the guest of Principal Currier for a few days. He made a thorough inspection of the various departments. He left Saturday.

The six Norway pines that grew in front of the trades school building have been cut down. They were badly burned by the fire that destroyed the trades school building last year.

Last Wednesday was Miss Barrager's birthday. Principal Currier had all the classes in the Academic building march in and shake hands. No doubt by the time it was finished Miss Barrager's arm was stiff and sore.

Every evening at about 6.45 the new steamboat "Adirondack" passes the Institution, it is met by another boat; each carries a powerful searchlight, and for several minutes the surrounding scenery is clearly brought to view. The searchlights are turned in every direction, flashing here and there, making the night as bright as day.

Mr. Lyon, Secretary of the State Board of Charities Committee on the Deaf, arrived here at about noon on Thursday. At one o'clock those of the pupils who had been here over six years assembled in the chapel, where a written examination was held. Mr. Lyon was accompanied by his wife, who for many years was employed in the Rochester School for the Deaf. They remained here two days and made a complete tour of inspection.

The greenhouse abounds with beautiful chrysanthemums of great variety, yellow being the chief color.

The new building which will contain the Institution's fire apparatus, is receiving the finishing touches. It will be ready in about a week or two. It is of corrugated iron and fireproof. The floor is of concrete. A chimney that can be raised or lowered, and made to fit over the smoke-stack of the engine, is one of the features. The building presents a very neat appearance.

J. H. K.

PHILADELPHIA.

Lively Debates at All Souls' Club.

OVER 200 DEAF-MUTES IN ALASKA.

Mt. Airy Kickers Win--A Couple of Accidents.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

An unusually lively literary meeting was that of All Souls' Club last Thursday evening, 22d, when a batch of very live political questions were discussed. The discussion was general—that is, open to all, and continued until half past ten. The first question asked if the United States should take the lead in suppressing the Turkish atrocities.

Mr. Wm. McKinney led the discussion in an affirmative answer. Wm. H. Lipsett would favor it, but held that an attempt would be exceedingly hazardous on account of the powerful Turkish fortifications along the entrance waters, which he described together with other facts of the life of the Turk.

Mr. M. J. Syle believed in the whip and would like the United States to apply it to wicked Turkey. Her heart was full of sympathy for oppressed Armenia.

Mr. Reider said he had as much sympathy for the Armenians as anybody, but yet he would answer the question with a firm "No." To plunge our country into war upon such a cause was against its traditional policy and unwise in many other ways. He held that Russia and Great Britain could quickly settle the question, and they of all other nations should be held responsible for the present wretched state of affairs in Turkey. They are the two most powerful nations in Europe, and both have extensive interests about the Ottoman Empire. Our government will doubtless guard its own interests in Turkey, but it can not be expected to patrol the globe to whip those nations that persecute Christians. Numerous other reasons were advanced by this speaker, and the discussion was now at its height, and considerable warmth, if not excitement, was shown.

Mr. Syle and Mr. Reider replied to each other several times. Messrs. Breen and Ziegler also aided the affirmative side. More than an hour was consumed by this question.

The next question was, "Should the United States Government appeal to arms in case that Great Britain refuses to accept the divisional line between Venezuela and British Guiana to be laid down by the Boundary Commission?"

It was debated negatively by Mr. Reider and affirmatively by Mr. Ziegler.

"Should Hawaii be annexed to the United States?" was then briefly discussed by Messrs. McKinney, Reider and Ziegler, in favor of annexation.

The last question, "What is the future of woman in regard to professions?" proved almost as interesting as the first, with the exception that its discussion was wholly one-sided. Mrs. Syle and Messrs. Lipsett, Breen, Reider and Ziegler, were the speakers, and the gist of their arguments was that woman is overdoing her sex and courting a rather harmful degree of independence.

All seemed to take a deep interest in the discussions, as was evinced by the close attention paid the speakers until adjournment, and several expressed a desire to see more after the meeting.

The Mt. Airy boys scored another victory as the following clipping shows:—

CHESTER, PA., Oct. 24, (Special).—The Mt. Airy Deaf-Mute Football eleven defeated the Pennsylvania Military College team this afternoon on the campus by the score of 18 to 12. Bulger made a run of fifty yards for a touchdown. The line up:

P. M. C.	POSITIONS.	Mt. AIRY.
Woodworth	Left end	McAbee
Holman	Left tackle	Garbner
Holdenbury	Left guard	Snyder
Huhn	Centre	Bradley
Forbes	Right guard	Holdeman
Harris	Right tackle	Harper
McManus	Right end	Noble (Capt.)
W. Thistlewood	Quarter-back	Gellifuss
J. Thistlewood	Left half-back	Bulgers
Brown	Right half-back	Shantz
Wood (Capt.)	Full back	Kelley

Referee—Bowers. Umpire—Thompson. Time—20 minute halves.

The University of Pennsylvania—Lafayette foot-ball game on Saturday, was witnessed by Messrs. Booth, Taylor and McIlvaine, of the Institution, and by Messrs. Underwood, Wilson, Breen, Feighan, and Ormrod, of the city. Pennsylvania gave the thirteen thousand spectators an unlooked-for surprise by dropping the game to Lafayette by the score of 6 to 4. It was, however, only a victory among Pennsylvanians, and we may still take pride in Pennsylvania.

Last Sunday, at the afternoon service, Rev. Mr. Koehler read a letter from the Rev. J. Prevost, a

CHICAGO.

An Argument on the Money Question.

INVENTED BY A CHICAGO REPORTER.

The Truth at Last About Helen Keller--A Wonderful Machine--Notes.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to P. P. Gibson, 3716 Wabash Ave., Chicago.]

The Chronicle is authority for the following little tale of an argument over the money question. The article was embellished with a cut showing a fat man and a lean one going through the motions usually made by a deaf-mute when expressing extreme contempt for another.

Mrs. Jane D. Kirkhuff, the mother of Prof. J. D. Kirkhuff, of Mt. Airy, died on Saturday afternoon, October 17th, after a lingering illness in East Saginaw, Michigan. She had reached the age of seventy-nine years and had ten children, of whom seven survive her. Prof. Kirkhuff attended her bedside and saw her pass away. We feel sure that his many deaf friends who read this will join us in extending him our most heartfelt sympathy in his sad bereavement.

We call the attention of the Philadelphia deaf again to the "basket party" at All Souls' Hall on Hallow'E'en this week. There will be no charge for admission.

Mrs. Margaret Vancourt, our aged friend and a familiar figure at All Souls', had a fall in her home last week when alone, and suffered some injury. We are glad that the accident did not result so seriously as was at first feared. She is one of the oldest lady members of All Souls' Church and, perhaps, the most regular attendant. This fact makes her absence the more noticeable, and we hope she may soon be among us again.

Still another accident may be reported. Last Friday evening, as Mr. James E. Moroney, was speeding his way home on a Market Street car, a collision occurred which threw him down. He escaped with a severe bruise on the right side.

James Coyle's aunt, Bridget Cullen, died, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Frankford, last week.

Miss Emma Shields' aunt, with whom she has been living in Chester, Pa., died last week.

Ed. P. Hackett takes pride in a medal won from the Chester Bicycle Club, in a century run.

Stephen McDavid, of Gibbsboro, N. J., a graduate of the Philadelphia school in 1846, was seen here on Saturday evening. He is a shoemaker and conducts a shop at the above place.

Mrs. Chas. Partington, who recently visited relatives in Canada, is at present stopping in Newark N. J. On Saturday her husband expects to meet her there and bring her to this city.

J. S. R.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

It was by accident that I met Mr. Frank Laughlin the other day on Main Street. Frank reports every one well at home. He is still following his vocation as a house painter.

Mr. E. B. Sprague and family are living on Wyoming Street, West bottoms. Mr. Sprague has steady employment in the Armordale soap factory.

I notice your St. Louis correspondent speaks of Omer F. Harshman, our Lawrence member of the Western Deaf-Mute Union. We are pleased to note that he is meeting with well-deserved success in our sister city.

While down town last Wednesday evening, I met a deaf-mute peddler, who gave the name of Brown Nail, and said he was from Tyler, Smith Co., Texas. Mr. Nail has been here the past four weeks selling patent pant buttons, and said that he had done well in Kansas City. He has only one arm, having lost his right arm several years ago on the railroad. He leaves for St. Louis Monday, October 19th.

Mrs. Fred Ellmaker called and made a pleasant visit the other day. Mr. Ellmaker is employed in the flour mills, and has a cozy home at 2943 Summit Street, this city.

Geo. E. Root

KANSAS CITY, MO., Oct. 16, 1886,

Religious Notice.

Services will be held in Brooklyn Sunday, November 8th, at 5 P.M., in St. John's Chapel, Greene and Clermont Avenues, by Rev. Joseph Rockwell, S. J. Deaf-Mutes of all creeds are cordially invited.

also act as gardener for Lawyer Banning.

Miss Nellie Lamb is in Palatine, Ill., for a two weeks' stay.

"Phil Dean!" You better write O. H. R. about the cut you speak of. No trace of it among Exponent cuts.

October 21st was the birthday of Mrs. Frank A. Martin, and she was agreeably taken by surprise by a party of her lady friends. Mrs. James Gibney had charge of the affair. Those present contributed a neat little sum from which a fine rocking chair was purchased, as a memento of the occasion, for Mrs. Martin. 'Tis said that several "toasts" were given during the afternoon, but the only bona fide toast was that made by Mrs. Dougherty over the kitchen fire and which was voted the best of them all. Those present were: Mesdames Cotton, Scott, Kingon, Hasenstab, Dougherty Luttrell, Leff, Schorr, Gront, Bowes, Cornwall, Elliott, Friday, Cullen, Raffington, Wedekind, McCarty, Gibney, Fraser, Heinlein, Misses Buell, Miller, Koessel, Burkhardt, Mr. and Mrs. Martin are now in a new home of their own.

Miss Florence DeLong, of Los Angeles, Cal., is in the city. She is a graduate of the Kansas school.

Robert Powers showed up at church Sunday. He left the Hartford School, and came home to get ready to enter the Mt. Airy, Pa., School. He has attended the Wisconsin, Illinois and Chicago Day Schools, besides the Hartford School, and it seems he is enjoying a little "too much of muchness" for his own good.

Richard Danks, of Nottingham, England, is the latest arrival to swell the local deaf contingent. He arrived last Thursday, and is stopping with his uncle at 231 State Street. He is a steam fitter by trade.

Fred Kaufman is working on a lot of half tone cuts at the Manz Engraving Co., which are intended for the Illinois School. One of the cuts is of the group photograph taken by Mr. Regensburg in Springfield at the reunion two years ago, in which Gov. Altgeld appears among the "sitters."

The Daily News of Friday and the Sunday Chronicle, both had two-column articles on Helen Keller. Both articles had excellent portraits of the young lady.

"Superba," that old favorite with the deaf, was lately produced at the Auditorium, and several of the local deaf took it in.

Can the New York correspondent furnish the address (Chicago) of the Misses Freyberg, who, as he reported, lately left New York for this city?

There are not many bets of any note on the outcome of the election, among the local deaf, but it is understood that Messrs Des Rocher and Kleinhaus have made one that involves the expense of a "cold bot" all around to the loser.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Sullivan celebrated the first anniversary of their wedding at their home in Elgin Saturday evening. Mrs. C. T. Sullivan, of this city, attended.

Herbert Hathaway, of Elgin, was in town Saturday, in order to see the ball game at the club the same evening.

The game of indoor base-ball at the club hall Saturday evening, proved a Waterloo for the older members. The teams were made up of new and old members of the club, and, for the novelty of the thing, were dubbed the "Baltimores" and "Clevelanders." The "Baltimores" (the members) were made up of the following:

Sweeney, c.f.; Harting, p.; Schuttler, c.; Thorsell, r.f.; Kleinhaus, 2b.; Codman, 3b.; Liebenstien, r.s.; Gilpin, 1b.

"Clevelanders" (the new members) was represented by these: Frank, l.f.; Des Rocher, 2b.; La Motte, 3b.; Olson, c.; Schroeder, r.s.; Rosback, 1b.; Kalek, p.; Wedekind, r.f.

In an indoor base ball game the game is played the same as the regular game, with the exceptions that the ball is considerably larger and softer, the bat smaller (about the size of a broomstick) and there are but eight players on each team, the position of center fielder being done away with, and instead of a short stop there is a center stop (c.s.)

In this game some excellent playing was seen, as most of those on the teams have had experience on the diamond in different amateur nines—the old Pas-a-Pas nine in particular. The score in the ninth inning was a tie—11 to 11, and the winning run was brought in by Des Rocher hitting safe and bringing in Kalek, who was on third, thus giving the game to the "Clevelanders," the score being 12 to 11 in their favor. The game lasted two hours and was enjoyed by the rest of the club members from the stage, which did duty as a grand stand.

Hart made a good seer, and Fred Kaufman, who was unable to play owing to a lame leg caused by a fall from his bike, unpired to the queen's taste.

The boys are talking of organizing a regular club to play outside clubs, and in case they do they may be counted on to put up a good game.

F. P. G.

COLUMBUS.

Ex-Steward Daniel Hartnett Dead.

THE HOME AN HONOR TO THE DEAF.

An Excursion To Cleveland--Other Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Early Thursday morning, the spirit of Hon. Daniel Hartnett fled to its Maker and thus ended his earthly career. The news of his death was received here with sincere sorrow by his many friends, who had learned to know and love him for his many good qualities of the heart.

He came here in the spring of 1890 as steward of the Institution, and served faithfully and well for two years in the discharge of the duties entrusted to him. His genial ways made every one connected with the house his friend, and when he left here there was much regret. However, he remained with his family in the city, having been appointed one of the Canal Commissioners of the State. He with his wife made frequent visits to the Institution, and were always welcomed.

Through Mr. Hartnett's efforts, dressmaking became one of the departments of instruction, and he was also instrumental in having a law passed by the legislature, requiring children, having no home, to be kept at the Institution during vacation, instead of placing them in infirmaries as had been the custom up to that time. At the entertainments given for the benefit of the Home, he, with his wife and children made it a point to be present and assist in the pleasures of the occasion, as well as in a pecuniary way. He was appointed one of the Board of Managers of the Home, and took much interest in seeing the Institution becoming a success.

He was a brave soldier of the late war, enlisting almost at its beginning, having been in many of the leading battles, and leaving when the struggle ended.

About two years ago an affection of the ear began to show itself, and later gave him great trouble. He was operated upon both here and in the east, with only temporary relief, however.

Last spring, his term as Canal Commissioner expiring, he removed with his family to his old home, Napoleon, Ohio, where he bravely battled against the disease, until, like gallant soldier that he was, strength fled, and he laid down his arms, resigned without a murmur to the inevitable. And thus, farewell, friend.

"Life's fitful fever o'er Thou sleepest well."

Miss L. Doane, one of our teachers, was called to Cleveland, Saturday, to attend the funeral of her grandfather, John Doane. He was a pioneer of Ohio, and one of the founders of Cleveland, coming there in 1802 when the place only contained four log houses. He was a native of Connecticut, and at the time of his death was 98 years old.

Miss Sarah E. Bierce, a well-known writer for the Cleveland press, contributes the following anent the Home in the Cleveland Plain Dealer of October 18th:—

There are some charities that touch us more than others because of the unusual conditions. One which appeals to the writer particularly just now is the home prepared by the children of silence, the deaf-mutes, for the aged and infirm, at Westerville, O., which will be opened about Nov. 1. There is probably not another institution in Ohio that grew out of such "poor man's mites" as this did. Those who have visited this home, possibly with limitations cannot command lucrative positions. They do remarkably well to earn a living. The time was, and not so very long ago, when the mute was considered a curse of God and no one thought it worth while to teach him any bread winning occupation, or to give him any chance in life beyond waiting the money and position of the parents could command. The unfortunate child in the poor man's family must spend his life in silence and ignorance. The broader humanity of the last hundred years has changed all this, so it is now the duty of the mute child to receive, at the expense of the state, a good education and a trade by which he can be self-sustaining. Some cities, like Cleveland, educate these children at home. Even with these advantages the mute wage earner can make very little more than a living, and is considered fortunate if able to do this when so many waiting work are idle. That these people should have been able to pay \$4000 for the old Central college, expend \$1,500 more in repairs, and then give to any single individual towards this fund was \$500. This sum came from some well-to-do mite of Springfield, O. A few others gave \$100 each, and the remainder was raised by small gifts of \$10 and smaller sums. It was really touching to see how every mute, man, woman and child, wanted to have a part in the work. Some of these poor mutes have given small sums, again and again.

When this institute is opened there will not be a dollar of indebtedness upon it. A few women of means will furnish their own rooms, and at least at the home. Others will come from various county houses, and the county authorities will pay to the management a stipulated sum for their care. The mites of Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton and Cleveland, will furnish rooms to be known by the names of the cities. The furnishings for this Cleveland room have all purchased this past week here in the city, and will be forwarded in a few days. Most of the money raised here has been done by the Mutes' Aid society connected with Grace Episcopal Church.

During the past winter this society prepared all the comfortable, blankets,

sheets, pillow cases, towels, etc., needed for the room which it furnishes at the home. All the money raised after a home was decided upon up to the time when the last dollar of the purchase money was paid, was given to the fund for that purpose. Altogether it has been a labor of love.

There is an old saying that a gift in worth little or nothing unless the giver feels it, or, in other words, has made some personal sacrifice to give. Surely unnumbered blessings ought to come to this home for aged and infirm mutes, for it has grown to completion through great self-sacrifice and devotion of a class of persons who have very little to give.

A meeting at the Ladies' Reading Circle was held last Saturday evening, at the home of Mr. Schory, for the transaction of business. It was decided for the present to meet every two weeks. The meetings will be held at the home of some member until a suitable room can be obtained. The following periodicals have been subscribed for and the list will be enlarged as soon as the friends of the association will permit. Youth's Companion, Ladies' Home Journal, Ram's Horn and Puck. At each meeting certain of the members are expected to read articles contained in the above papers, and a general questioning will follow so as to elicit an interest and at the same time serve to show whether the articles are understood by the members.

Most of the members of the High School chartered a team last Saturday and drove over to the home of George Shade, a distance of nearly fifteen miles. One or two of the teachers accompanied them and the party had lots of fun, besides that they came home with a good crop of stained fingers.

Last Sunday a party composed of Misses Biggam Patterson, Jones, McRedmond, Heyl and Mr. Schwartz, accompanied a cheap excursion to Cleveland. They expected to reach their destination about eleven o'clock, and thus have half a day with friends in the Forest City. A wreck on the road compelled their train to take a round-about way, and it was after two o'clock before Cleveland was reached. All of the party, except Misses Jones and Patterson, were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Kleinhaus. The two excepted went to the home of Miss Patterson's brother. While there Miss Luella Fowler and Mr. Christian Meyer made a call on them. Though their stay was short, nevertheless the whole party enjoyed their visit very much. They left Cleveland at seven p.m., and did not reach Columbus until two the next morning.

Principal Patterson accompanied by his youngest son, Don, left Friday morning for the home of his parents at Girard, Ohio. Mr. Patterson has well earned a respite from work for a few days, for he has been in the harness almost continually since school opened in September, 1895.

Rev. A. W. Mann held a church service at Trinity House, Friday evening. The weather was inclement, and thus the attendance was only fair.

Still more arrivals of pupils. The latest is a little tot of a boy not yet out of his short dresses. He was in an infirmary, and Superintendent Jones's kind heart went out to the little fellow and placed him among better surroundings.

Miss Rosa Fessenbeck was up from Cincinnati the first of the week. She, with Mrs. McGregor, drove up to the Home to take measurements of the room, she, with her sisters, is to furnish.

Some of the teachers had the pleasure of meeting Prof. Gordy, of Athens University. He is the author of a book which the teachers have chosen to discuss at their meetings this year.

Mr. Frank Philpott was here Sunday. He still retains his case in the extensive establishment of the Werner Printing Co., while some of his colleagues are dropping out, owing to the introduction of typesetting machines. He is in the Law Department of the works, and has no fear at present of losing his place, as the work there requires the old style printing. He says politics are hot up there, just as they are everywhere else.

Albert Schmidt, a pupil here two years ago from Cleveland, died last Tuesday in that city from lung trouble.

A postal card received by Miss Emma Bard announces the safe arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Kingry at their new home. Their post office address is Belpre, Washington County, Ohio. They are well pleased with their new surroundings.

A. B. G.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES, NOVEMBER, 1st.

TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY AND ALSO ALL SAINTS' DAY, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, N. Y. St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, Holy Communion. Trinity Church, Newark.

St. John's Church, Yonkers. Christ Church, Bedford Ave, Brooklyn. Combined service, 7:30 P.M.

The Holy Communion will be celebrated in the Church of St. John, the Evangelist, N. Y., at the 10:30 A.M. service, which with the sermon will be interpreted for deaf-mutes.

NEW YORK.

Prof. Fox Lectures on Gold and Silver.

NOTICE TO DEAF MEN.

Evidently a Silver Bug -- The News in Brief.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 226 East 90th Street, New York City.

Nearly a hundred deaf-mutes assembled at Cooper Union on Thursday evening, October 22d, to see Prof. Fox elucidate the gold and silver money problem.

He prefaced his lecture with the remarks that it had no political bearing and would not tend towards the attitude assumed by either political party in the present struggle for the Presidency.

He explained what money is and why it is needed, going back to the time when it did not exist, and barker was the basis of all exchange.

He told of the different things used as money at various times in various countries, and said that at the present day conch shells were used as money by the South Sea Islanders.

He explained the so-called "crime of '73," and also the meaning of "16 to 1."

At the conclusion he told all to vote according to their convictions, as he would do; and although he had decided upon his ballot, he did not declare it, for the reason that he did not wish to influence anyone present.

After the applause had subsided, President Souweine, of the Manhattan Literary Association, under whose auspices the lecture was given, made a few remarks complimentary to Prof. Fox. Mr. Froehlich followed, and after dwelling for some time upon the excellencies of the lecture, announced that the Manhattan Literary Association would as usual celebrate the birthday of Gallaudet on December 10th.

Mr. Franklin Campbell, the oldest member of the Association, made a short speech, and then the meeting adjourned.

There were only half-a-dozen ladies present, probably because of a misunderstanding that it was to be a political meeting.

I am requested to insert the following notice in this column:

NOTICE TO DEAF MEN.

"The Superintendent asks me for them what kinds of works could they do to upon his judging and changing one of them out of the place. Since when I was there with Mr. S. — and others with their past applications along, so that I could not keep any of them so long. If they (deaf men) will have no right to talk with other deaf friends in my name and address upon their calling on me without letters alone. I would not allow to put them into the same place as ever, he stopped them and bothered Messrs. S. —, C. —, Co., as much from times to times, because I am too busy myself for my customers only."

The Evening Journal has the following in its Friday issue:

EVIDENTLY A SILVER MAN.

Because he would not exchange a silver bug for a gold bug, a deaf and dumb man, who refused to give his name, knocked down John Haines, a peddler, to-day, on Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

The silent man bought a silver scarab, but the wings were crippled, and he demanded that the peddler exchange it for a gold bug. On his refusing, he promptly knocked the peddler down. Both were arrested.

In the Adams Street Police Court, Judge Walsh said: "This man is evidently a silver man, for he first bought a silver bug; so I'll let him go."

Messrs. S. Frankenheim, I. N. Soper, F. W. Meinken and A. C. Bachrach, took a spin on their wheels to Mt. Vernon Sunday. Their cyclometers are making records to beat gas meters in their flight.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet conducted services at St. Ann's (in St. John's) Sunday, assisted by Lay Reader C. Q. Mann. In the evening Rev. Dr. Gallaudet held services for the deaf in Mt. Vernon.

J. McEvoy, of Albany, is spending two weeks in Brooklyn with relatives.

J. Warnick, a graduate of the Westchester School, is now in town after having seen a good deal of the country through the railroad tie-counting process, and is now sharing his lot with Andrew Paul.

Rev. Father Rockwell announced at St. Francis Xavier's last Sunday that he would conduct services for the Catholic deaf in Brooklyn from this time on, at a time that would allow of his continuing the afternoon services in this city.

Rev. Dr. DeCosta, of St. John's Church, is looking refreshed after his return from his European trip.

Jules Maria and Joseph Graham were on one of the boats participating in the marine parade, Saturday.

A. Mc L. Baxter took a run up to New Haven recently to see the folks there. He is now in town to stay, and if his brother is elected Assemblyman next week, he expects a good job, but not at printing.

TED.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

It was Detective Gilbert who told the story to a group of boarders seated on the piazza of one of the quaint, old Rhinelander houses. These dwellings, though situated on West Eleventh Street, in the very heart in New York, present an almost rural spectacle, with their green lawns, wide piazzas and vine-covered balconies. Said Mr. Gilbert:

"It was one day about years ago, that I received a card on which was engraved the name 'Miss Julia Wood.' The name was a familiar one. When my wife was living, Miss Wood has been an intimate friend of hers, and a frequent visitor to our house. Since then I had lost trace of the girl, and knew only that, owing to her father's death and the straitened circumstances of herself and her sister, she had taken up the study of stenography and typewriting, with the idea of earning her living. So when she rose to meet me in the reception-room, I was startled by her changed appearance and the haggard, anxious expression of her face.

"Mr. Gilbert, I am in great trouble," she exclaimed, as I shook hands with her, and then, without further preliminaries, she stated her case.

"You know, Mr. Gilbert, that for over a year I have studying stenography and typewriting, and you can understand that lately I have been very anxious to find a place. At first, I supposed that this would not be difficult, but I soon discovered that my lack of practical experience stood in the way of my getting anything at all. In fact, it was not until this week that even a temporary opening presented itself."

Here Miss Wood paused for a moment, as if to summon all her strength, and then continued:

"About eleven o'clock yesterday morning, my teacher, Mr. Lacombe, came to the door of the practice room, where I was at work, and, calling me to one side:

"Miss Wood, didn't you tell me that you understand the deaf and dumb alphabet?"

"Perfect," I answered.

"As you know, Mr. Gilbert, my little sister, Helen, is deaf and dumb, so I understand the sign-language almost as well as I do spoken English.

"I thought so," said Mr. Lacombe, "and am glad, for your sake, that you do, for I've just had an application from a lady who wants a deaf and dumb stenographer."

"But I am not deaf and dumb," I protested.

"No, but you understand the sign-language, and that is the main point. You see, this woman wants some notes taken from a deaf and dumb relative, who uses, of course, the deaf and dumb alphabet, and she thinks, I suppose, that a person who understands the sign-language must be a deaf-mute, also. She says that this relative of hers is ill; possibly hasn't long to live. So no doubt you're wanted for some sort of an ante mortem examination; one, maybe, that's connected with some family scandal or secret that they don't want to leak out. Just a matter for discretion, that's all.

"Of course, I don't want to urge you into this against your will," he added, "but I know how much you want a position and a chance for practical experience. Besides, this engagement is only for a week, perhaps even less, and the salary is fifty dollars and all expenses paid. The main question is whether you care to be deaf and dumb for that time.

"For just a moment I hesitated. Certainly the conditions were very queer. Still, there was the money,—how much fifty dollars would mean for my poor little sister! There was the experience, and there was, yes—I must confess it—there was the charm of adventure. You know you always said that I was of an adventurous disposition, and that has grown since I have been thrown upon my own resources, and have made up my mind that I must make my own way in his world as if I were a man. As for acting the part of a deaf-mute, that seemed a simple matter to me, as I know so well the habits of the deaf and dumb, through constant association with poor little Helen.

"Money, experience, and adventure! The combination was too much for my prudence. In less time than it would take to buy a handkerchief, I had accepted the position. Forty-five minutes after the time that I walked into Mr. Lacombe's office I sat on the Southern-bound train, rushing towards a place I'd never heard of before, the companion of a woman who was an utter stranger to me, and bound on an errand of which I knew practically nothing.

"You see, in the rush of preparation I'd no chance for reconsidering my decision. Indeed, when I was led into Mr. Lacombe's inner office and introduced to my prospective employer, Mrs. Westinghouse, by means of course, of pencil and paper and gesture, I hardly noticed in my excitement what manner of woman she was. I had enough to think of in keeping

to the character I had assumed and in preparing in half an hour's time for a week's journey; for almost the first demand by the strange woman was that I should go with her upon the noon train. The invalid had no doubt only a few days left to live, she explained, and every minute was precious.

"Upon reading my penciled explanation that I must go home to say goodbye to my sister and get a few articles for my trip, she thrust a ten dollar bill into my hand, telling me to use that for whatever I needed. Mr. Lacombe, she signified, could explain matters to my sister, and with that she hurried me down the stairs and into a cab waiting below. In this I was whirled away, first to a big department store and then to the railroad station, arriving just in time for the noon train, so it wasn't until I was seated in the local express and actually started that I had a chance to review the situation and to examine my companion.

"What sort of a woman was she?" I interrupted.

"Oh, she appeared perfectly respectable and tried to make herself agreeable by keeping me busy answering questions on my pad, but something in her cold gray eyes, or perhaps, in her high metallic voice, chilled my ardor. For the first time I realized my position. Here I was about to enter into the lives of unknown people, under an assumed character, and one that might involve me in matters of a secret, perhaps of a dangerous nature. By this time, however, it was too late for me to retreat. All that I could do was to vow, as I did with all my heart, that no matter what I learned while with these people I would make no use of it.

"Upon leaving the train, after a ride of about two hours and a half, I found myself in Rockwood, a desolate little way station in the most dreary section I had ever seen. The only sign of life was a top carriage, drawn by a pair of lean horses and driven by the son of my companion, about thirty years of age. He had handsome features, but, somehow, his blood-shot eyes and dissipated look impressed me even more unfavorably than had his mother's appearance. I was directed to take the back seat, and Mrs. Westinghouse sat in front beside her son.

"As we drove off the young man put a question at once which I did not hear, but his mother in her usual voice assured him that I was a deaf-mute and had been secured at a large salary for that reason. Then they proceeded with their conversation without restriction, but the road was so stony and our speed so great that I caught only a little of it. What I heard did not serve to make me feel any easier. They spoke of some person, who appeared to be a relative with the most dreadful epithets, and appeared to be planning some way to bring him to terms, should he prove obstinate after they arrived with the stenographer. Before we had gone a mile I was not only sick of my bargain, but ready to jump from the carriage to escape it.

"The aspect of the country, also, was enough to make the most hilarious person feel melancholy. It was rocky, sterile, and almost uninhabited. The few farm-houses we passed were, all save one, untenanted and falling to pieces. The fields were covered with a thick growth of bayberry bushes or stunted firs.

"The house was, as nearly as I can judge, about three miles from the station. It had once been a mansion, but showed signs of neglect and age. The paint was worn in patches; the piazza floor was rotten. The inside of the house, however, was fairly comfortable, the furniture being extremely old-fashioned and quaint.

"I could hardly touch a mouthful of supper, and excused myself from the table. Wandering around the piazza which skirted the house, I came upon a rear view of the premises. Here I had another surprise, for detached from the main house and several yards away, stood a long, low brick building, with a high chimney, like a smoke-stack, proceeding from it. Its windows were close against the roof, and probably about twelve feet from the ground, while the only entrance seemed to be by way of a rough bridge extending from a curious door on a line with these windows to a window in the second story of the dwelling-house.

"While I stood gazing at this remarkable building, I noticed that Mrs. Westinghouse had followed me. I could no longer restrain my curiosity, but pointed to the mysterious building and raised my eyebrows. With an impatient gesture, as though she resented my inquisitiveness, the lady caught up my writing pad and scribbled: 'It is my brother's laboratory; he is a metallurgist. We wish you to come and take a dictation from him.'

"Then, leading me upstairs, she unlocked a door and ushered me into a large apartment, in which, at that moment, I saw only one object,—a man stretched upon a couch. The coverings, thrown away from the neck and face, revealed both to be shockingly emaciated; the eyes wild and staring, the lips

drawn away from the teeth, which were white and even. But there was strength even in that dying despair—at the first glance I saw that. There was a look of dogged endurance in every line and feature.

"Now, Alfred," wrote Mrs. Westinghouse upon my pad and signifying to me that this was my introduction, 'here is Miss Wood, a deaf and dumb stenographer we have brought from New York, so there's no longer any reason for your keeping your precious secret. She understands the signs, and can put your words on paper as fast as you can give them to her.' Then, passing the pad to the invalid, she turned to her son.

"Victor, love," she said, 'the writing paper, pencils, and a little table for Miss Wood.'

"Here they are," said the young man, rolling the table towards me with an ingratiating leer.

"I glanced at the invalid. He gave no sign of having read his relative's communication, but lay quite still and breathed softly in gasps. I should not have been surprised to have seen him drawing his last breath at any moment.

"The woman stooped looking at him appealingly, until she caught his eye; then she covered her face with her handkerchief, pretending to be overcome by emotion. A moment later she turned aside to Victor and hissed, 'Oh, is it too late? If I only knew some torture that would wring from him that secret which would bring us millions.'

"Then, controlling herself, she went on more calmly: 'Sit down, Miss Wood, and take the dictation.'

"I saw Victor looking at me and had the presence of mind to remain perfectly quiet, without noticing what she said, for indeed, I had now begun to feel that I was among desperate people, and that it would be best for my well-being to carry out my role as I had begun it. Apparently satisfied that I was as unfortunate as I claimed to be, she signified by motions that I was to seat myself and write as soon as her brother should dictate.

"I did so, but while Victor had been occupied in arranging my utensils and Mrs. Westinghouse was absorbed in her pretended emotions, the man on the bed had turned his eyes and looked straight into mine. The effect was tremendous. I felt calmed. There was almost an understanding between us. At least, there was sympathy.

"As I seated myself and caught up my pencil, he raised his white hands and began to sign to me: 'Show no fright at whatever I say. Pretend to take notes, or you will betray yourself.'

"Acting on his suggestion, I began tracing disjointed sentence upon the paper.

"Then, after allowing me a few moments to recover from the effects of this startling communication, he went on:

"This is no place for you. These people are desperate characters, and if they suspected what I am saying they might injure you.' 'Again a pause, during which I shaded my face with one hand and scrawled senseless marks over the paper with the other. Beneath my lowered lids I could see that two pairs of eyes, one bloodshot and the other steely gray, were watching me from a shadowy recess on the other side of the bed. I realized that the slightest expression of my real feelings might prove fatal. I set my teeth hard. My old adventurous spirit returned. As mechanically as though I were taking a school dication, I followed the movements of the trembling white hands and traced those meaningless marks.

"Apparently, mother and son were satisfied with their scrutiny, for they soon retired to the other end of the long room. As they went, I heard her murmur to Victor:

"Come; the older mister won't forget his own flesh and blood. At any rate, that girl shall stay in the house until her notes are written out in plain English and the experiments made. I gave that foolish teacher of hers a wrong address."

"At this she turned on me suddenly, and nothing on earth could have prevented my face revealing the fright that was on me. I could bide my terror only by sneezing violently into my handkerchief.

"As soon as they had withdrawn to the farther end of the room the invalid hastened to communicate as rapidly as possible the state of affairs in this strange household. The woman, Mrs. Westinghouse, was, so he said, his sister-in-law, the widow of his only brother. Victor was, of course, his nephew. On the death of his brother, the man who now lay dying had invited the widow and her son, then a handsome lad, to make their homes with him, and, indeed, had treated Victor, as his adopted son and probable heir. About three years ago, however, Victor, who had acted as his uncle's assistant in the laboratory, had repaid his generosity by attempting to steal from him the secret which he had spent years in perfecting. Failing in this, he had forged his benefactor's name for a sum amounting to a large share of his fortune, and had applied the proceeds to the payment

of gambling debts. Since then, Mr. Westinghouse, though allowing Victor to go free, had refused to see either him or his mother, and it was only now, and when he was on his deathbed, that they returned, uninvited, with the hope of extracting from the sick man the only wealth remaining to him,—his recent discovery.

"At this point the invalid stopped abruptly, and looked once more deep into my eyes. Then, with a sigh that seemed one of satisfaction, he continued:

"They think, because they hold me as prisoner here upon my deathbed, have deprived me of society, and spirited away my faithful manservant, the only person who understood my sign-language, that they can force my secret from me. But your face tells me that I can trust you, that you are not their accomplice."

"Indeed I am not," I signed hastily. 'I came here ignorant of what I was to do, and now they say that I must stay until the notes are written out and the experiment is made. If it fails it is likely to go hard with both of us.'

"The invalid received my communication quietly, without asking how I gained my knowledge. Then, after asking and receiving answers to several questions in regard to my history, he nodded as if satisfied, and signed to me to take down with extreme accuracy what he should give me. He then dictated by means of the sign alphabet what seemed like a technical article, many words of which he was obliged to spell for me, and including the finest weights and measures relating to metallurgy. After he had completed it he asked me to read it to him by signs, so that he could be sure that it was correct. When I had done so he looked up, smiled faintly to see that mother and son left the room, and beckoned me to him. He took my hands, clasped them in his, and then signed: 'Swear that you will never permit that paper to fall into the hands of Mrs. Westinghouse or her son.'

"In my fright I took the oath. 'Guard it well,' he signified, 'for it is a fortune beyond your dreams. Now sit down and take a bogus paper, which you must give to Mrs. Westinghouse. But first conceal this paper in your dress.'

"I did so. He then dictated another paper, different in every way from the first as to its methods; and then mentioned that I must write out the second paper as soon as possible, give it to Mrs. Westinghouse, and then effect my escape before the fraud was discovered. 'As I looked at him doubtfully, he added: 'Trust me. I will provide the way.'

"But you?" I said.

"He tried to laugh. 'I shan't live twenty-four hours,' he said.

"I asked if they were to blame. He shrugged his shoulders. 'Her son's treachery robbed me of health and fortune. And now in their fiendish greed to inherit the secret they have locked me in this room and tried to wring it from me by their soft words and wheedling carresses. But they shall not succeed. They shall never know this.' As he spoke he drew from under his pillow a small blade in a sheath. It was a bright brownish yellow; the edge was sharp as a razor. He handed it to me, signifying that I was to keep it.

"Hardly had I sheathed the strange weapon and concealed it in the folds of my bodice, when the door opened and the woman again entered. I showed her the page that I had taken and pencilled a note, saying the formula was complete, but that it would take at least half a day to write it out, as it contained many unfamiliar terms which I should need to refer to a dictionary. For just a moment the woman scanned my face and that of the invalid with that strange air of suspicion that never wholly deserted her.

"Apparently, what she saw satisfied her, for she signified her pleasure that I had succeeded in gaining the information in so short a time, and added that, as it was now past midnight, I might leave the rest of my work for the next day. Upon this, she led me to a room opening out of her own, indicating that she thought I might feel less lonely if I were near her. Later, I heard the key turn softly in the lock on the outside of the door leading from my room into the hall, and—well, you can imagine that I got very little sleep that night.

"Early the next morning the woman unlocked my door, and after I had eaten a hasty breakfast, led me to a library well-equipped with reference books, where, so she wrote, I was to finish my work.

"Then she left me, locking me in once more.

"I had reached about the middle of the false formula when the door opened and the woman entered in great haste. From her hurried movements and the anxious expression of her face, I judged that some new complication had arisen. I was right. Snatching up my pad, the woman wrote, 'He is sinking fast. The experiment must begin at once. How much of the formula remains?'

"I wrote 'Over one half.'

"Never mind," she wrote in

return. 'Victor can begin with what you have. Give me the papers. You may finish the rest in my brother's room and bring it to us in the laboratory.'

"As we entered the invalid's room I tried to exchange a look with the sick man, but the woman drew me away to an large French window at the end farthest from the bed, and opening the sashes, which swung inward, motioned me to look out. To my surprise, I saw that the bridge that I had noticed the night before as connecting the house and laboratory was approached from this window. It was a rough affair, resembling those used on shipboard, and consisted of a wide plank guarded only by two ropes stretched one on either side of the plank, about three feet above it, as a sort of guard rail. On the laboratory side, the bridge terminated at what seemed to be a heavy door, made of one solid piece of timber and provided one third of the way from the top with two small windows, or, rather, panes of glass, about eight inches square. Behind each there was a heavy iron bar.

"Hastily signifying that I must cross the bridge in order to bring her the remainder of the formula, the woman sent Victor ahead and turned to follow. Before going she intimated to me that while I wrote I was to remain beside this window where I could see any sign from the worker in the laboratory and be seen by him.

"For the next two hours nothing was to be heard in the room save the scratching of my pen over the paper and labored breathing of the dying man. He seemed to be sinking rapidly, but whenever he caught my glance would smile reassuringly, as though to say: 'Do not be afraid. All will come right.' As the hands of the clock on the mantel approached the hour of eleven, however, he appeared to grow suddenly stronger; a faint color tinged his cheeks, and he half rose in bed, as though awaiting some new developments. On the stroke of eleven he turned to me and signed: 'It is time to go.'

"But there are still a few pages to write out," I answered.

"It's all right," he rejoined. It is enough. Only go—go at once. It is your way to escape.'

"For a moment I hesitated. The words sounded senseless. Sick men, I reasoned, have strange fancies. But the glance of his eyes was sane: It was more—it was convincing.

"Without another word, I gathered up my papers and started across the bridge. It swayed, but only slightly. There was not the slightest danger of an accident. And yet in my passage across that bridge I trembled violently. When finally I reached the strangely-guarded door I had barely strength enough to knock upon the heavy timbers. There was no reply. Evidently they were absorbed in their experiment, I thought, and knocked again. Still no reply, though this time I seemed to hear a faint movement within. I tried to peer through the tiny window-panes in the door. They were somewhat above the level of my face and partly obscured by the iron bars. So I raised myself on tiptoe, and shading my eyes with my hands, looked in.

"For a moment I could see nothing. Then as I became accustomed to the gloom, made out a few objects nearby,—a charcoal stove, a table holding a pair of scales, pinchers, blowpipe, a graduating glass, and other apparatus with which I was unfamiliar. At the farther end of the table sat a motionless female figure, the head thrown back, one hand clutching a crumpled sheet of paper, while the other hung limply at her side. Directly opposite, a man sat, also motionless, his bowed head resting on the edge of the table. As I looked, I fancied the hand holding the paper twitched slightly.

"I shifted my position. A faint light fell upon the face of the woman. It was that of Mrs. Westinghouse, but white and rigid, with sightless, staring eyes.

"They are dead!" I cried, as I rushed back into the room of the dying man. Then recollecting myself, I succeeded in repeating my words with fingers that trembled so that I could hardly give the signs. For a moment he seemed unmoved; then, with a ghastly smile, he signalled:—

"This is your time to escape."

"But you—"

"Never mind me. All I care for is to keep my secret from them. Remember your vow—and now go—go—and God bless you."

"I grasped his hand, then rushed from the room. I snatched my hat and coat in the hall below, and ran out of the house and down the road, never stopping until I reached the station. There I took the next train and reached the city only half an hour ago."

simply been evidently stupefied by drugs purposely introduced into the false formula, and soon recovered their senses, but the uncle had breathed his last. Mrs. Westinghouse had been smart enough to get a physician, who, honestly enough, I suppose, ascribed his death to natural causes. We could do nothing from lack of evidence."

"But the secret,—the mysterious formula?"

"Ah, that is the saddest part of the whole affair. Half crazed by her horrible experience in this house, and recalling her vow to make no use of any information gained while there, Miss Wood had no sooner escaped than she tore the true formula into pieces and threw it away. Had she kept it it would undoubtedly have brought her an enormous fortune, for an expert metallurgist who examined the strange dagger given to her by the dying man, pronounced it be an example of a priceless art—that of tempering copper to the consistency of steel,—a process understood by the ancients, but lost now these thousands of years."—Selected.

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